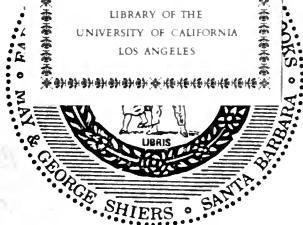


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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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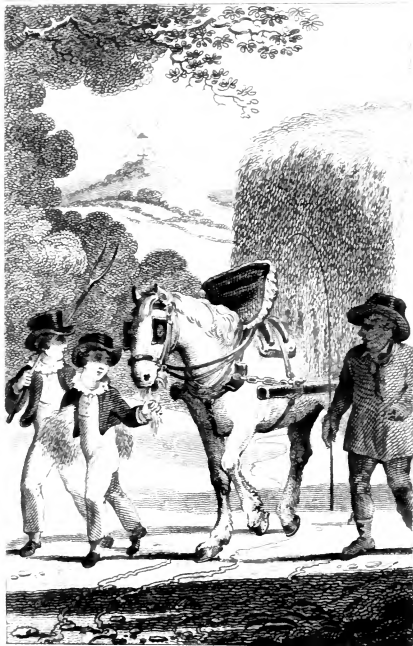
Jane Goulden

Edward Bow^{to}

AS



FRONTISPIECE



*Whilst Edward led the horse with the new hay
all the way he went.*

EDWARD & GEORGE;

OR,

LESSONS

FROM REAL LIFE,

FOR

CHILDREN OF EARLY YEARS.

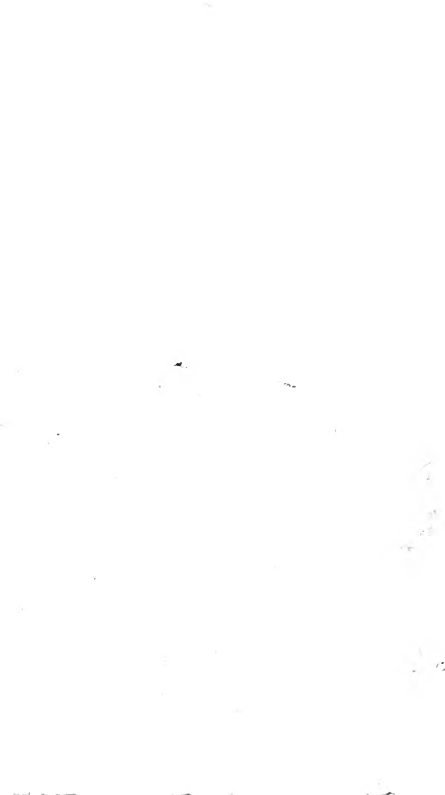
“The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.”

Economy of Human Life.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1818.



EDWARD AND GEORGE.

EDWARD and George Wilmot were very happy children. They had a father and mother who took a great deal of trouble with them, and taught them what was proper for them to know. They often took them out to walk in the fields, and explained to them the different plants and insects they met with.

Mr. Wilmot used sometimes to fly a kite for his children, and frequently he would trundle their hoop. He would join with them in almost all their pastimes. When the weather was bad, and they could not go out

in the open air, he would sometimes read to them entertaining stories and descriptions of different animals, and sometimes show them objects through a microscope.

Their mother taught them to read and to spell. She taught them to count and to write, and to observe all they saw. They had a little sister Marian, and a little brother Arthur, besides an elder brother Robert, who was at school. Marian was a good little girl. She would sit still by her mother, whilst her brothers were reading. She never interrupted them, but waited patiently till they were at liberty to play with her.

Edward and George were not *always* good. Sometimes they would quarrel, and then their mother put

them in separate rooms, and would not suffer them to play together. They were sorry when this was done, as Edward found he could not play at driving a horse without George; and George found, that galloping like a horse, without having some one to drive him, was no pleasure. Their mother told them, if they wished to play together they must leave off quarrelling.

These children were very affectionate towards each other, particularly George and Marian. Sometimes Edward was disobedient to his father; that is, he did not always do what he was desired, and then his father punished him, by not permitting him to be with him, which made Edward very uncomfortable.

When this happened, George and Marian would try and console him; that is, try and make him less sorry. They would kiss him, and take hold of his hand, and then run to their father, and tell him, "Edward is a good boy now." They would not walk out with their father, till Edward was permitted to accompany them; and they could not feel any pleasure, till Edward was restored to his father's favour.

Many things happened to these little children, some of which shall be related, for the amusement and instruction of young readers.

Little George was accustomed to walk out every morning with his mother. They generally crossed

over some fields which led into the high road. In their way was a confectioner's shop, which, in passing, very much engaged the attention of George. He used to look at the cakes and the sugar-plums which were displayed in the window, with a longing eye, and often stopped to take a nearer view of them. One day, when he was near the shop, his mother took a penny out of her pocket and gave it him, telling him he might go into the shop and buy a cake.

George was pleased with this permission, and was hastening in, when, as he was passing through the door, he perceived a little ragged boy at the entrance, crying.

“What is the matter with you, little boy?” said George.

"I have had no breakfast this morning," answered the boy, "and I am very hungry."

George stopped at the door. He looked at the cakes in the window—then at his penny—and then at the poor crying child.

"Mamma," said George, "if I were to give my penny to this poor boy, could he buy some bread with it?"

"Yes, my dear," answered his mother.

"Here, little boy, do not cry any more: here is a penny for you, to get some bread with. Mamma, may I have the pleasure of seeing him buy and eat his bread?"

His mother said certainly, he deserved to have that pleasure; and turning to the woman who was in

the confectioner's shop, asked her where they could buy a piece of bread.

The woman pointed to a shop a few doors from hers, and said, it was a chandler's shop, where they cut up loaves to sell to poor people; as a piece of bread was cheaper for them to buy than a roll.

The little boy went to the shop, followed by George and his mother; and George had the satisfaction to see the poor hungry boy buy and eat his bread.

On his way home, George said to his mother: "Mamma, were you glad that I gave my penny to the little boy?"

"Yes, my dear: I was glad to see you could think of the want of another, and give up your own."

“Do you know, mamma, I feel as pleased as if I had *really* bought a cake. The boy ate his bread with so much appetite, and his countenance became so pleasant; and he nodded and smiled so at me, all the time.” And George put his hands into his pocket, held up his head, and marched forwards, quite on good terms with himself. Cæsar, a large Newfoundland dog, a great favourite in the family, now came jumping upon him. He had been in the water, and shook a shower over George, who received this rough salute with great good-nature. He only said, “Fie, Cæsar, how could you do so?” at the same time patting his neck, and looking not in the least angry.

“That is well done, George,”

said his mother, "not to be discomposed by a trifle: here, take my handkerchief and wipe your wet face."

One day, when Mr. Wilmot was reading in his study, his little son Edward, not quite six years old, was playing in the room. Having amused himself for some time, he became tired of playing by himself, and climbing up behind his father's chair, he peeped over his shoulder, and read—"History of Henry IV." "What does that mean?" exclaimed Edward.

"It is an account of the life of a great man," replied his father: "when people are very good, or very wise, or very useful, somebody

writes their "history;" which means, all that has happened to them during their lives, in order that others may read about them, and learn to become equally wise, good, and useful."

"Papa, I wish you would write my history."

"*Your* history, my little man; why, what can I say about you?"

"You cay say a great deal, papa. You can say that I cured myself of the trick of biting my nails, and of holding the scissors in my left hand. You can say that I know all the parts of speech, except the *participle*; and that I begin to make letters pretty well—and—and—and—and you can say a great deal besides. Do pray, papa, write my history."

His father, who was much amused

at the desire he expressed to have his history written, placed a sheet of paper before him, and began

The History of little Edward.

“As we generally wish to be acquainted with the history of persons, from whose example we may profit, or learn something, there may be many little people who may like to know what happened to so important a personage as Edward Wilmot.

“He was a little boy, who at four years old could not be taught to read, because he could not fix his attention. His father used sometimes to write letters to him in printed characters; and as he was eager to know their contents, and could not always find somebody at leisure to

read them to him immediately, he thought it would be better to learn to read them himself.

“Edward was a boy who could do any thing when he chose to put his attention to it; and now that it became his inclination to do so, he was soon able to read. He took great pleasure in reading about Rosamond and Frank, and often imitated what Frank did. When he read that Frank cured himself of the habit of buttoning and unbuttoning his sleeve, he had the resolution, at five years of age, to leave off biting his nails, though he had continued the habit from infancy. And here I would recommend his example to my little readers, that they may reflect on any foolish tricks they may have acquired, and cure themselves of them.

Edward loved truth. He never told a lie, and his father and mother could always depend on what he said.

“Who could imagine, that a boy who was able to cure himself of a bad habit—who had learned to read in a short time—who was a lover of truth;—that such a boy could be guilty of the trick of *crying*, when any thing was said to him which he did not like. If his mamma told him to put away his play-things, after he had done playing with them, he cried. If he was asked to run about the garden, in cold weather, in order to warm himself, he cried——”

Mr. Wilmot read as he wrote, and when he came to this passage, Edward interrupted him.

“Oh, papa, you should not write

that; you should not write any thing about my crying."

"But, if I write your history," said his father, "I must write about *every thing*. I was just going to tell about your being afraid of every little dog you meet, when you interrupted me."

"Then, papa, I would rather that you did not write my history; for I do not like every body to be made acquainted with my faults."

"Then, my dear, would it not be better for you to cure yourself of your faults; in that case, nobody *could* be made acquainted with them. When you are told to do any thing which you do not like to do, instead of putting yourself out of humour, and crying, for the future, remember how much you dislike hav-

ing that circumstance mentioned in your history, and you will not then give way to such silliness. And the same with respect to other little faults you commit: reflect how you would like to have them spoken of in your history. For example, would you like it to be said, 'Edward is cross to his little brothers and sister.' In a year to come, I will continue your history, and we shall see if by that time you have corrected yourself of any faults. Now go away, and let me read my book."

One day, Edward and George were playing in the garden by themselves. The currants were just beginning to ripen: some of them were

green, and some of them were red. The red ones looked very tempting, and Edward and George ate a great number of them.

After playing some time longer in the garden, the children were called in to dinner. They sat down to table, but could not eat any thing. The cloth was removed, and the boys remained quite still on their chairs.

“Come, jump down, and go and play,” said their father.

As they were leaving the room, their mother remarked that they looked pale. “Come here, Edward,” said she, “you look ill, and have eaten no dinner: what is the matter with you?”

“Mamma, I feel very sick: I have a pain in my stomach.”

“Have you been eating any unripe fruit in the garden?” said his mother.

“Yes, mamma. George and I ate a great many currants: they looked red, but they tasted very sour.”

“Since you have been so foolish as to eat fruit improper for you, you must take a powder to make you well.”

As she said this, poor George began to be very sick, and some of the currants came up from his stomach.

His mother mixed two powders in two cups. She gave one to Edward, and one to George. Edward made a wry face, but drank off the contents. When the cup was offered to George, he pushed it away, and

declared he would not take the mixture.

“Do as you please, George,” said his mother; “but if you do not take the medicine, you will be ill a long time.”

George still persisted in refusing to swallow it.

The children remained sick the whole of the afternoon, and went early to bed.

When Edward got up the next morning, he found himself quite well, and he ran to tell his mother so. She took him with her to see George, who was still in bed. They asked him how he was, and he complained much of his head.

Edward ate his breakfast as usual, George could only drink a little milk. He sat still during the morn-

ing; his head ached so much, that he felt no inclination to play.

At dinner-time Mr. Wilmot said to his sons, "Your mother and I are going to take a pleasant walk this evening, and you boys shall accompany us."

George burst into tears: "Father, I cannot go with you: I am ill."

"So was Edward ill, but he is well now," replied his father; "how is that?"

George was silent: he was ashamed to answer.

When George saw his father and mother and Edward set out on their walk, he repented very much that he had not had resolution, like Edward, to take his powder. He stood some time thinking, and then went up into the nursery, where were

his little sister and brother. He said to their nurse, "If you will give me the powder mamma intended for me, I will take it now."

The nurse gave it him. He swallowed it in a very resolute manner, and then went to bed.

When his father and mother returned home from their walk, they were very glad to hear, that their little boy had at last become reasonable, and had taken the proper means to get well.

The next morning at breakfast, George had the mortification to hear his father and mother and Edward, converse about what they had seen in their walk, whilst he could not join in the conversation. He was not yet quite well; for having so long delayed taking the proper re-

medy for his complaint, the medicine could not cure him as soon as it had done Edward.

“ Oh, George, you should have seen the grotto,” exclaimed Edward! all life and spirits from the remembrance of the pleasure he had had. “ It was stuck all over with such beautiful shells. And oh, how you would have liked the cascade we beheld,—the water pouring down with such a noise! And you would have so admired the pair of swans we saw, spreading their wings and stretching their long necks.—Oh, why did not you take your powder when I did.”

To all this George could make no answer: he could only be sorry for his silliness, and determine to have more resolution for the future.

When breakfast was over, Edward

and George went into the garden. There was no fear now, of their meddling with the unripe currants. They had felt the effects of eating green fruit, and it was not necessary for their mother to tell them not to touch it; and they thought it would be wiser, if, for the future, they were to ask their mother's permission, before they attempted to meddle with any thing in the garden.

“Mamma,” said George, one day to his mother as she sat at work, and he was standing by her, “you promised to tell me the story of the little boy who did not like to learn to read: could you tell it me now?”

“Where is Edward?” asked his

mother, "he would perhaps be glad to hear it also, for it was his own case once."

George went to look for Edward. He found him digging in his own little garden. He had almost filled his wheel-barrow with mould, and he was lifting up another spadeful, when George called to him, and asked him, if he would like to come and hear a story mamma was going to relate. Edward was very fond of stories, so he threw down his spade, and ran into the house.

He was very dirty when he came into the parlour, and his mother asked him what he had been doing.

"Digging, mamma. I am making a large hole."

“For what purpose?” asked his mother.

Edward considered a little, and then said, he did not know; but he wanted a hole, and so he dug one, without thinking of any purpose.

“You wanted, likewise, my dear Edward, to see the mustard and cress seed grow, which you sowed last week in your garden. You seem to have forgotten that desire, and have now been digging up the seed, which must already have begun to shoot.”

“Oh yes, indeed,” cried Edward, “I had forgotten the mustard and cress, and now what will become of my salad! I will run and fill up the hole again, and then things will be as they were before.”

“ Stop a moment, Edward,” said his mother: “ if you fill up the hole, it will be better for the appearance of your garden, but it is now too late to save your salad. The little roots have been disturbed, and will not grow again.”

“ If that be the case,” said Edward, “ there is then no hurry to fill up the hole which I have been so foolishly working at for these two hours. I will go and wash my hands, and then, mamma, I shall be ready to listen to your story.”

When Edward returned, Mrs. Wilmot began as follows.—

“ The little boy, about whom I am going to tell you, was named Edmund. When he was four years old, his mother thought he

would be glad to be taught to read; but she found that Edmund did not like to learn to read——”

“Ah, mamma,” exclaimed Edward, interrupting her, “you are going to tell about me, as papa did in my history !”

“No, my dear, it would be of no use to tell a story about you now, as you read so well. But you are not the only little boy who did not like to read; so let me proceed with my story.

“Edmund never would put his attention to his book, not even for two minutes at a time. When his mother perceived that all her trouble was for no purpose, she left off trying to teach him, and said to him: ‘Edmund, when you wish to learn to read, and are

willing to be attentive, you may ask me to teach you.'

“ Edmund went on every day playing, and running about, and he did not feel that he wanted to read. When he was nearly five years old, a gentleman who was a friend of his father's, came to live next door to him. He was extremely fond of children, and it was his custom to have a party of young children to celebrate his birth-day. The day of entertainment was now arrived, and Edmund was invited by Mr. Henderson to be of the party. His father permitted him to accept the invitation, and Edmund expected great pleasure from his visit.

“ When Edmund was shown into Mr. Henderson’s drawing-room, he saw a number of children assembled ; some of them were his friends, and he was glad to meet them. The door of the next room was not quite shut, and Edmund perceived through the opening, a long table covered with cakes, fruit, and flowers. The sight of this was very pleasant to him, and he wished for the time when he should be seated at that table.

“ Whilst these agreeable thoughts were passing in his mind, Mr. Henderson stood up, and addressing the children, said : ‘ Before we sit down to table, and before we play, I must have the pleasure of hearing each of you read a story

in this book,' showing one, which he held in his hand.

"The children each by turns read to Mr. Henderson; all excepting Edmund, who kept behind.

" 'Now it is your turn, my little friend,' said Mr. Henderson to him.

" 'I cannot read,' said Edmund. 'Not read?' asked Mr. Henderson, 'not read at all?'

" 'No sir, I cannot read at all.'

"Mr. Henderson made no reply, but ringing the bell, a servant appeared.

" 'Here,' said he to the man, 'conduct this young gentleman home, and tell his father, that I cannot admit a boy to my party'

who is so ignorant as not to be able to read.'

"Edmund felt ashamed, and walked home with the servant. When he saw his mother, he said to her, 'Mamma, now I want to learn to read. I was the only child at Mr. Henderson's, who could not read, and he has sent me home in disgrace; and if you will take the trouble to teach me, I will be very attentive.'

"I need not tell my little boys, how soon Edmund learned to read, when he fixed his attention to his book.

"As soon as he could read an easy lesson tolerably well, he begged his mother to take him to Mr. Henderson's. His mother complied with his request.

“ When he reached that gentleman’s house, and was shown into the room where he was sitting, Edmund went up to him, and said : ‘ Six months ago, you sent me home, Sir, because I did not know how to read. I have since learned, and, if you please, I will read something to you.’

“ Mr. Henderson said he should be glad to listen to him, and he put into his hand the first volume of ‘ Sandford and Merton.’ Edmund read the story of ‘ The good-natured boy.’ He took pains, and read slowly and distinctly.

“ When he had finished, Mr. Henderson took him by the hand, and said, ‘ My dear little boy, I am pleased that you have profited by the lesson I gave you ; and, as

a mark of my approbation, I present you with these volumes of Sandford and Merton. I hope you will feel pleasure in reading them.'

"From this time, Edmund's mother had no reason to complain of his want of attention: he became a diligent, industrious boy."

Edward and George listened very attentively to this story, and seemed amused with it. Edward thought Mr. Henderson rather cruel, in sending Edmund home in disgrace.

"Yes," added George, "and without tasting any of the nice cakes which were provided."

"But you see, this punishment had a very good effect," said their mother, "as it made him ashamed of his ignorance, and desirous of

learning what he found other boys of his age already knew."

The morning after Mrs. Wilmot had related the story of Edmund to her sons, as she was coming down stairs, she heard a great noise in the breakfast-parlour. She opened the door, and found Edward alone with little Marian. He was speaking very loud, with a book in his hand, and she was crying.

"What is the matter, Edward," said his mother, "and why is Marian crying?"

"She is such a stupid little thing, I cannot teach her to read, and so she is crying. Will you learn—*will* you learn?" repeated he to her, in an impatient and angry tone.

Marian cried still more at this address, and ran to her mother.

“Go up stairs, my dear,” said her mother, kissing her, “and I will come and fetch you presently.”

Marian went out of the room, and Mrs. Wilmot, calling Edward to her, asked him what was his intention towards Marian.

“Mamma, I was afraid she would grow up like Edmund, without knowing how to read; and so, I wanted to force her to learn her letters.”

“There is plenty of time for Marian to learn to read,” said his mother, “for she is not yet three years old.—Besides, the method you took to teach her could never succeed: you began by frightening her, and losing your patience. Had your

father and I pursued the same method towards you, we should have stupified instead of instructed you. I assure you, you required the exercise of a great deal of patience: what you learnt one day you forgot the next, and it was a long time before you took a pleasure in reading. Think of all this, my dear boy, and the next time you attempt to instruct, practise the patience which was exercised towards you."

Edward said he never would try to teach Marian again; for if he had all the patience in the world, and she was even *ten* years old, she could never learn.

Mrs. Wilmot smiled at this sentence passed upon poor little Marian.

“Leave her then to me, Edward; and I will undertake the difficult task of teaching her to read, when she is old enough to learn.”

When Mrs. Wilmot went up stairs to fetch Marian, she found George comforting her. “Dry up your tears, my dear little girl,” said her mother, “Edward will not teach you to read any more. When you are old enough to be taught, I will instruct you myself; so now come down stairs with me to breakfast.”

Marian was very pleased to hear that Edward had given up his intention of forcing her to read, and she therefore went down stairs with her mother, without any fear. When she saw Edward, she ran up to him and said:—“Be a good boy,

Edward, and don't teach me to read."

"No," said Edward, "I don't want to teach you any thing, since you don't like to learn."

This day was a joyful one for Edward and George: they were expecting their elder brother Robert from school. After breakfast, they took their station at the window, watching for his arrival.

Their mother said to Edward, "He will not come yet, you had better learn your lesson, and then you can watch again."

Edward took his book in his hand, but his eyes wandered from the book to the window: he was unable to fix his attention to his lesson. It was in vain he repeated over to himself, the letters of the words he

was trying to spell: he knew not what he was saying.

When his mother perceived this, she took the book from him, and told him, she was sorry to see he could not fix his attention; but as that was the case, she thought he had better leave his business till after Robert's arrival.

Edward very willingly shut his book, for he felt that he should be able to learn his lesson better, after he had seen his brother.

Another hour was passed in watching; when at length Robert appeared, to the great relief of Edward and George, who had become tired of looking for him.

Robert was ten years of age. He had been to school only half a year, and his brothers were impatient

to know how he liked it. They made him tell them the names of all the boys at his school; they insisted upon knowing the different games he played at, and whether his master was good-natured, or ill-natured.

“I assure you,” said Robert, after he had replied to their numerous questions, “I was obliged to work hard.”

“What do you mean?” asked George.

“Why I was obliged to learn the Latin grammar by heart; and to write and cipher, and spell a great deal more than I had done at home. But then I had many a nice game at marbles; and after working hard a whole morning, I found it

very pleasant to run out into the play-ground, where my companions and myself might amuse ourselves till the dinner-bell rang; then, when we heard that agreeable sound, we were glad enough to run in and seat ourselves at table, and eat *such* a dinner!"

"And after dinner?" said Edward.

"Oh, after dinner we worked hard again!"

"And played again, I suppose?" said George.

"Why, yes, we had a little more play; and then we supped, said our prayers, and went to bed; and so tired, we were not long in falling asleep.—But pray now, let me go and see Marian and Arthur." Robert took a hand of each of his

brothers, and gaily tripped up stairs into the nursery. He kissed little Marian, and when he asked her if she was a good girl, she related to him Edward's cruel designs against her, and how she had cried."

"And where is little Arthur? I hope Edward did not want to make him read also."

"You need not laugh, Robert," said Edward, "for mamma told us a story about a little boy, who would not learn to read till he was made ashamed of his ignorance."

"Ah, Cæsar," said Robert to the dog, who came forward to receive his caresses, "do you remember me, Cæsar."

Edward now took Robert to see his silk-worms, which were soon

expected to spin. George had, every morning for a week past, visited the silk-worms, hoping to see some of them covered up in their yellow webs, and had felt disappointed at finding them still quietly nibbling their mulberry-leaves.

“ They never *will* spin, Robert,” said George, after attentively examining them: “ I have watched and watched them, and still they won’t.”——

“ Why watching them, certainly, will not make them spin,” replied Robert, laughing: “ if you will give them but *time*, I dare say you will have your wish; and then you will have the pleasure of winding their silk on a reel; and then you will see——”

“ Stop stop,” cried Edward, “ do

not tell us what we shall see ; we would rather not know till the thing happens."

"Now," said Mrs. Wilmot, "let Robert go into the study to his father, whom I have just heard enter ; and you, Edward, learn your lesson."

Edward was one day playing at ball, in a field near the house. He amused himself with throwing the ball as high as he could, and then catching it. When he was tired of catching it, he tried to throw it to as great a distance as his strength would permit. As he was doing this, his ball entered the open window of a cottage, which stood on the side of the field. Edward was

hastening to recover his ball, when he heard his brother Robert call him several times.

“What are you in such a hurry for, Robert? I shall soon come home.”

“You must come home *now*,” said his brother, quite out of breath: “papa is going to show us the powder which is on a butterfly’s wing, through the microscope, and you will not, surely, make papa wait.”

Edward was now as eager to run home, as he was before to go in pursuit of his ball. He found the microscope and the wing of the butterfly quite prepared, and his father ready to show it them.

Robert, being the eldest, looked first through the little hole in the microscope. He could hardly believe

it was the dust of a butterfly's wing he was examining.

“Why, father, these are feathers, *real* feathers, on the wing; and I never before discovered any thing on a butterfly's wing but different coloured dust. What beautiful feathers!”

“Do let *me* look,” cried Edward, whose patience could hold out no longer: “Robert, let me look at the feathers.”

Robert made way for him, and Edward now peeped through the little hole.

“Father, how does this glass make us see feathers?” said the little boy.

“Because it makes the particles, or parts, which compose the powder, appear larger; and therefore we

can see them plainer, and discover what they consist of."

"But *how* does it make them appear larger?" enquired Edward.

I cannot explain that to a little boy of six years of age," replied his father: "when you are older, and can understand the reason, I shall be glad to explain it to you."

Edward immediately went out of the room, and returned with a little book, in which he was accustomed to have written down for him, questions which he asked, and which he could not have explained to him at the time.

"Robert," said he, "will you write down in my book about the microscope? that I may remember to ask to have it explained to me, when I shall be able to understand it."

Robert wrote down what his brother requested him. The whole of the afternoon Edward talked of nothing but the butterfly's wing, and he seemed to have forgotten his ball.

The next morning, after he had read and done his sum, he was sent to play, and he then recollected that he had not got his ball. He asked his father's leave to go and fetch it, and his father permitted him to go. When he came to the cottage, he lifted up the latch of the door and let himself in.

“When he entered the room, he saw a little boy seated on a chair, with a handkerchief tied round his head. A woman was sitting by him, at needle-work; and a girl, at a

little distance, was spinning flax at a wheel.

“I come,” said Edward to the woman, “to request you to let me have my ball, which, by accident, I threw into your window yesterday.”

“Oh then,” said the woman, starting up, “it was you who caused all this mischief.”

“What mischief?” mildly enquired Edward.

“Why,” said the woman, “your ball struck my poor little Tommy on the eye, and he has not been able to open it since.”

Edward was shocked at hearing this. He approached the little boy, and kindly taking him by the hand, said: “I am very sorry to have given you so much pain: I wish I could do something to make you better.”

The woman looked with more kindness on Edward when he said these words, and she told him she hoped her little boy would soon be better.

Edward sat down by the child, and tried to amuse him, till he thought he ought to return home. He did not take his ball with him, but left it for Tommy.

As soon as he saw his mother, he told her what had happened, and begged she would be so good as to go and look at the poor boy's eye. She immediately went with Edward to the cottage; and having examined the child's eye, she told his mother what she thought would be of service to it.

Edward continued to feel a great deal for poor Tommy, which he

proved in a very substantial manner. Whenever he had any cake or fruit given him, he always kept it to carry to Tommy. His mother permitted him to sit with the child; and he used to read to him, and to tell him every thing entertaining that he knew. He regularly went every day to see him, till his eye was quite well, and he was able to play about as usual.

It was great joy to Edward when he saw Tommy without the bandage over his eye, and he was determined to be more careful, in future, where he threw his ball.

“Why do you look so dull, Edward?” said his father to him, as he came into the room, and saw

him seated at the window, with a very dismal face.

“Because it rains, and I cannot go into the field to make hay; and I have got a new rake and fork, and now of what use are they to me?”

“They may not be of any use to-day, but they may to-morrow, when, perhaps, it may be fine.

“Oh, I am sure it will rain to-morrow likewise,” replied Edward, “for the barometer has *fallen* very much;” and to his father’s great surprise, he burst into tears.

“It is I, my dear Edward, who have the most cause to grieve; for, if the rain continue, my hay will be spoilt. I am sorry to see you have so little command over

yourself, as to allow a disappointment of this nature, to afflict you in such a manner."

"But I do not know what to do with myself," said Edward, sobbing: "Robert and George are gone out with mamma. I have done all my business, and here is a long afternoon, and I have nothing to do; "and he looked up again at the clouds, the appearance of which did not afford him much consolation.

"What is become of the book I gave you yesterday; have you read any of it?"

"No, father; I put it on the shelf, and quite forgot it."

"I think you might find something entertaining in that book, if you would take the trouble; so dry your eyes, and fetch it."

Edward dried his eyes, and fetched the book. His father looked it over, and pointing to a story, told Edward, that if he would not set his mind against being pleased, he thought he might be entertained in reading it.

Edward thanked his father for taking so much trouble; and trying to look satisfied, held out his hand for the book. Then seating himself as far as he could from the window, he read the following

Story of little Tom.

“Tom was the son of a poor man of the name of Lawrence, who was a labourer, and used to work in the fields. He had several children besides Tom, and he brought them all up to be industrious. He taught

them to love truth, to be honest, and to say their prayers: so, though he was poor, he was happy; for his children, never being idle, were seldom in mischief. They all had their separate work to do, and they all earned something, to help their father to buy them food and clothing.

“When Lawrence went into the field to dig potatoes, he used to take little Polly with him, to pick up the potatoes out of the mould, and put them into a basket. Billy used to weed in a gentleman’s garden, and little Tom was sent into the meadows to pick up the stones, and other hard substances, which prevented the grass from growing. This was not pleasant work in winter; but Tom was paid three-pence for his day’s work, and he was glad

to think he could give so much money to his father.

“One day, when Tom had almost filled his basket with stones, he saw something at a little distance which looked rather shining. He ran and took it up, and was going to put it into his basket amongst the stones, when he looked at it again, and thought it must be something better than a stone. After he had rubbed off the dirt which stuck to it, he found that it was of a bright yellow colour, and something very different to any stone he had ever seen. He tied it up carefully in the corner of his pin-cloth; and when his basket was quite full, he went home to his cottage, impatient to show his father the strange thing which he had found.

“His father had not returned from work, and he stood at the door waiting for him.

“‘What is the matter with you, Tom?’ said Susan, and Polly, and Billy, all together; you don’t speak a word, and you look so queer.’

“‘I will tell you what is the matter,’ said Tom: ‘I have found something curious, and I want to show it to father.’

“‘Let us see it,’ exclaimed all the three children at once; ‘let us see it.’ And Tom carefully untied the knot in his pin-cloth, and produced the prize.

“The children examined it—they felt it—they shook it, yet they could make no discovery in regard to what it really was. ‘It is as round as a large pebble stone, but then it is

of a brighter colour,' said little Polly.

"At last Billy said, that he was sure he had seen a gentleman, who one day walked in the garden where he was weeding, take such a thing out of his pocket, look at it, and then look up at the sun.

"Whilst they were debating on the subject, their father entered; and seeing what Tom held in his hand, exclaimed: 'Why! how came you by that watch, boy.'

" 'A watch! father,' said Tom: 'I did not know what it was. I found it to-day, in the field where I was picking up stones.'

"Lawrence took the watch in his hand, and touching a particular part, the case flew open, and he showed the children the dial-plate.

He pointed out to them the figures marked upon it, and the hands; and then explained to them the use of a watch.

“ ‘Well, Tom,’ said his father, after a pause, ‘what are we to do with this watch?’

“ ‘Keep it, father.’

“ ‘Keep what does not belong to us?’

“ ‘But how are we to know to whom it does belong,’ replied Tom.

“ ‘Tell me, my dear son, if the person who lost the watch were to stand before you, would not you think it right to return him his property?’

“ ‘To be sure, father,’ said Tom. ‘To be sure,’ repeated the rest of the children.

“ ‘Then we must try and find the

owner of the watch, that we may give it him back,' said the father. 'We will go to the gentleman, to whom the meadow where you picked it up belongs. We will tell him the circumstance; and he will, no doubt, be able to find out the person who has lost the watch.'

"Lawrence and Tom, with their treasure, trudged to 'Squire Mildmay's. They waited some time, as he was not at leisure to see them. When they were admitted into his presence, Lawrence desired Tom to tell his business to the gentleman.

" 'Sir,' said Tom, advancing, 'when I was at work to-day in your field, I found this thing, which father calls a watch. He says, that he thinks one of your friends must have

dropped it; so I have brought it to you, that you may give it back to the owner.' Saying which, he put the watch into Mr. Mildmay's hand.

"Mr. Mildmay looked at Lawrence and his son with great satisfaction. 'My good friends,' he said, 'I *do* know the owner of the watch. A gentleman, in his way to pay me a visit yesterday, passed through that field. When he went to bed last night, he missed his watch. He had the day before broken his chain, and given it to be mended. His watch, therefore, was more difficult to put in his pocket, being without a chain. He thinks he took it out, to see what it was o'clock, as he passed through one of the fields. At that moment a covey of partridges got up—his attention was engaged by them; and,

in attempting to return his watch into his pocket, it must have dropped from his hand. You, my little fellow, have been so fortunate as to find it——’

Mr. Mildmay was here interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who said, as he came into the room, ‘I have been searching every where for my watch, without success.’

“ ‘You may spare yourself the trouble of a further search,’ said Mr. Mildmay to him; ‘for here is your watch, and here is the honest little boy who found it.’

“ The gentleman was very glad to recover his watch, and very pleased with the little finder. He told him he wished to make him a present, for having brought him his

watch, and desired him to mention something which he would like to have.

“ Tom considered for a long time. He wanted a pair of shoes; but then Susan's gown was very ragged, and he thought that she required a new gown more than he did new shoes. So he said—

“ ‘ If you please, Sir, I should like a new gown for my sister Susan.’

“ ‘ Susan shall have a new gown, my dear,’ said the gentleman. ‘ Now mention something which you want for yourself.’

“ Tom looked down upon his shoes. The gentleman saw the direction of his eyes, and immediately understood what he wanted.

“ ‘ You shall have shoes, and so shall all your brothers and sisters.’

“ Tom looked overjoyed. ‘ Oh, how good you are, Sir!’

“ ‘ You deserve all this, my good little boy,’ said Mr. Mildmay, ‘ and so does your father; but I must have the pleasure of making him a present myself. My good Lawrence, what will you have?’

“ ‘ I am satisfied with your good opinion of me, Sir, and with what is intended to be done for my children: I can ask for nothing more.’

“ ‘ No, my good friend, that is not sufficient: you must receive something for yourself. Tom, what does your father want?’

“ ‘ A flannel-waistcoat, please you, Sir.’

“Lawrence and Tom returned home, and made the children happy by an account of their visit. They soon received the things promised them.

“Mr. Mildmay never forgot this honest family ; and when the winters were very cold, and provisions dear, he always helped them. Lawrence wanted no assistance but on such occasions : he was industrious, and did not wish to receive money which he did not work for.”

When Edward had finished reading this story, he went to the door of his father's room, and asked if he might come in.

“Yes,” said his father, “if you have a good-humoured face.”

Edward opened the door, and showed a countenance where there

were no remains of his former ill-humour. He came jumping into the room.—

“ Papa, I like Tom very much, only he wanted to do one thing which was wrong; he wanted to keep the watch he found.”

“ Very true, Edward; but the instant his father explained to him, that we have no right to keep what we find, he was willing to give up the watch. I think he did not know it was wrong, till his father told him so.”

“ It was very generous of Tom,” said Edward, “ to ask for a gown for Susan, when his own shoes were in as bad a state as her gown:—it was very good of him indeed. I was afraid he would go without shoes, when he asked for the gown. I felt

such a pleasure when the gentleman said, ‘Ask for something for yourself.’

Edward heard the voices of Robert and George, who were now returned home. He ran to meet them, and to tell them about Tom and his family.

The next morning, in spite of Edward’s prognostics, the weather proved very fine.

“Well, my boy,” said his father, as he shook hands with him when he came in to breakfast, “what do you think of the weather? Will your fork and rake be of any use to you to-day?”

“Yes, father,” answered Edward, “and I am ashamed of having been so ill-tempered yesterday afternoon.”

“I am glad that you feel ashamed,” said his father, “and then you will endeavour to command your temper when you meet with another disappointment.”

Edward performed his lessons this morning with great attention. He wrote three lines of *Ks* extremely well, and he even did a short sum in addition without much assistance.

He always found it more difficult to fix his attention to figures, than to any thing else he had to do, and his mother was pleased when he was willing to conquer his reluctance to add figures together. He told the parts of speech of the words in his lesson, without many mistakes, and he seemed determined, by attention and diligence, to make up for his ill-humour of the day before.

When all his business was finished, he threw his fork and rake over his shoulder, and calling to Robert, who was in his father's study, hastened into the field.

Here a very pleasing sight met his view. He saw men, and women, and children, with cheerful faces, turning the hay, which appeared so little hurt by the rain, that it was supposed fit to be got into the barn by night. The hay-makers were all much pleased at the prospect of getting in the hay, as they always had a supper provided for them, when their work was finished.

Edward amused himself for two or three hours in the field. Sometimes he piled up the hay in different forms, sometimes he pelted Robert with it; then he would

good-humouredly lie down and suffer the younger ones to make a heap over him. In the midst of these sports he was called in to dinner. He would gladly have gone without dinner, to have remained where he was, but his father and mother did not approve of his staying any longer. When dinner was over, Robert and Edward were hastening away, when their father stopped them.—

“Do not be in such a hurry, boys—stay and rest yourselves.—Your mother and I intend going into the field in the evening, and we wish you to wait for us.”

Edward was going to be out of humour at this interruption to his pleasure, when he suddenly recollected himself.

“No,” he said, “I will not be ill-humoured. I was ashamed of my behaviour yesterday, and I will not be ashamed again to day.—” He then ran to his shelf of books, and took down the book he had read in with so much satisfaction the day before. His mother had taken her work, and he asked her if he might read a story to her. She was very willing to listen to him. He began by turning over the leaves, to find a story which he thought would entertain his mother; but he could not fix upon one which quite pleased him. *One* was too short, *another* too long;—*this* was nothing but *conversations*, (dialogues,) *that* seemed to be a dismal story; at last he said:—

“Mamma, you told me you would

relate to me something concerning that little girl, who came with her mother to visit you. Whilst she was playing in the garden with us, her mother told you a story about her, which you said you would repeat to us, when you were at leisure.—Are you at leisure now?”

“I thought, my dear, you were going to read a story to me: why have you changed your mind?”

“Because none of the stories *look* as if they would be pretty; and therefore I would rather hear *your* story, if you are at leisure.”

His mother said she was at leisure, and would willingly tell him the story, if he would repeat it to his brothers, who might likewise wish to hear it.

That, Edward said, he could easily do, and his mother began in this manner.

“ Little Jane Seymour was one day looking out of the window, when she saw a black man pass. She called out to her sister, who was sitting at work in the next room: ‘ Come here, Laura—come here.’

“ Laura came immediately.

“ ‘ Oh, sister do look, there is a man with a black face! Is it painted black?’

“ ‘ Why, my dear Jane,’ said Laura, smiling, ‘ did you never see a black man before?’

“ ‘ No,’ answered the little girl.

“ ‘ Did you not know,’ resumed Laura, ‘ that there is a country where all the people are black?’——

“ ‘What! and are the children also black?’ interrupted Jane, with great surprise.

“ ‘Yes,’ replied Laura, ‘there is a very fine country called Africa, where it is very hot, and where all the people are black. Very fine fruit grows in that country; cocoa-nuts, and pine-apples, and oranges, and pomegranates, and very beautiful plants. There the great elephant lives; and there is to be found the huge crocodile, that papa was telling us about. If you were to go to Africa, Jane, the children there would be as much surprised at your white skin, as you were at the black skin of the man who just now passed.’

“ ‘I don’t want to go to Africa,’ said Jane.

“Whilst they were still speaking, Mrs. Seymour entered the room. Laura informed her mother of Jane’s astonishment at seeing a black man.

“ ‘My dear,’ she said to Jane, ‘I am acquainted with a lady who has a black nurse. I will pay her a visit, and take you with me.’

“Jane did not seem much to wish to go with her mother; but she was ashamed to own she did not like to see a black woman, so she said, she was willing to accompany her mother.

“Mrs. Seymour took her little Jane to Mrs. Mason’s; and after conversing some time with Mrs. Mason, she asked to see the baby. Poor Jane did not feel at all at her ease. She dreaded to see

the black nurse enter, though she did not quite know why.

“ At length a good-humoured looking black woman came into the room, with a baby in her arms.

“ ‘ How do you do, Morris,’ said Mrs. Seymour.

“ The nurse curtsied, and answered in a very pleasing manner.

“ ‘ Morris, that little girl is my daughter,’ continued Mrs. Seymour, ‘ shake hands with her.’

“ The woman went up to the foolish little girl, and took hold of her hand. Jane did not draw it away, and when she looked up, she thought the woman had a very good-natured countenance, and observed that she had extremely white teeth. Jane continued look-

ing at her for some time, and then said—

“ ‘I do not dislike you, though you are black. Shake hands with me again.’

“ The woman shook hands with her again, and in the course of half an hour Jane became quite reconciled to her black face. She found that the woman spoke and conducted herself like those she was accustomed to see; and when the nurse had left the room, Jane heard Mrs. Mason praise her fidelity and goodness.

“ On Jane’s return home, she told Laura she liked black people very well, and she was sure Morris must be a very good woman, or Mrs. Mason would not trust her with the care of her child.”

“ I remember, mamma,” said Edward, when Mrs. Wilmot had finished, “ I remember not liking, *myself*, to look at the face of a black footman who opened the door for us when we went to see Mrs. L. yet, when he came into the room, I could not help staring at him. He must have been very good-natured, for he did not seem to mind my staring at him, but smiled at me when he handed me some cake.—I cannot tell why I stared at him.”

“ Because his appearance was strange to you, and you wished to examine it. You are now used to the sight of black people, and therefore have left off staring at them.—But we will now see if your father is not ready to accompany us to the hay-field.”

As they left the room, they found Mr. Wilmot and Robert in the hall; putting on their hats, and Edward ran to fetch his.

When they entered the field, they saw that most of the hay was gone, and that the cart was being filled for the last time.

Robert and Edward began to assist in filling the cart. They lifted up the hay on their forks, and handed it to the man who stood on the top of the cart, ready to receive all that was lifted up to him. All the hay was soon piled up in the cart, and away it was carried to the barn, whilst Edward fed the horse with the new hay, all the way he went.

Now came the happy time. A long table was laid out in the field, and dishes of meat were placed upon

it. The hay-makers came singing from the barn, and seated themselves at each side of the table. Edward was pleased to see with what appetite these people ate their supper.—Their children were not neglected, Robert attended upon them, and took care that they were helped with bread and meat. Edward likewise wanted to be busy:—he wished to assist his brother. He handed the little mugs of beer to the children, and told them they might drink as much as they liked, for he did not mind the trouble of filling their mugs again. And when he discovered little Tommy amongst the smiling group, he would not suffer any one to do any thing for him but himself, but kept behind him, helping him to all he wanted.

“How tired I am,” said Edward,

when he returned home: "my arms ache, and my legs ache, and I am so sleepy."

"Then go to bed, my dear," said his mother: "give me a kiss, and go to bed."

The busy time of hay-making had quite put the silk-worms out of George's memory, and he had not watched them for two days: he was therefore surprised and pleased, when, on the third day, he went to pay them a visit, and found several hid from his sight by a light covering of silk; some of a yellow, and some of a straw-colour.

He ran to fetch Edward, to know what was to be done. Edward took a sheet of paper, and divided it into

four parts. He then twisted each piece of paper into a sort of bag. After which, he took the silk-worm which was spinning, and carefully put it into the bag. When he had in this manner disposed of all the spinners, (the silk-worms which were spinning silk,) he fastened the bags up against the wall; and he told George, that his mother had said they must remain there eight days, and cautioned him, on no account, to disturb them.

“Eight days *is* a long time,” said George: “I do not know how I shall be able to keep so long from peeping at them.

“You may just *peep* at them every day,” said Edward, “but you must not touch them.”

George promised not to touch

them, if he could help it; and he went to find Robert, to tell him the important news, that the silk-worms had begun to spin; adding, that the silk came out of their mouths.

“Well, did I not tell you so?” said Robert. “I told you, if you had patience, you would see that great affair take place. Now let me see,” continued he, counting on his fingers, “I go to school on Monday week; that is ten days. Yes, I shall just have time to wind off the silk. You and Edward do not understand that operation; but I do, having done it before, and therefore shall be glad to show it you.”

“Pray, Robert, what means *operation*?” enquired George.

“Oh, it means *the doing any thing, a work*. I believe it comes from the

Latin word *opus*, or *operare*, or something; but you cannot understand that."

"Then why tell it him, my dear Robert," said Mr. Wilmot, who had just entered, and heard Robert's learned answer to poor George's question: "you could have explained to him what operation meant, without puzzling him with Latin words."

George went every day to see the silk-worms; but, true to his promise, he never meddled with them. The first day he visited them, he went with his hands full of the finest mulberry-leaves he could find on the tree. He was greatly surprised, when Robert told him, he need not take the trouble to gather any more leaves for those worms which were spinning, as they would eat no more.

George was uneasy to think they should go as long as eight days without eating. He was sure *he* should die, if he were to fast so long.

“Yes,” said Robert; “but you are a little boy, and not a silk-worm.”

At length the day arrived on which the silk was to be wound off. George rose an hour earlier than usual that morning, that he might be in readiness, when Robert should summon him to the business.

“May I take the silk-worm out of the bag?” said George, who was in a great hurry to begin.

“Yes,” said Edward, “but don’t squeeze it.”

“There is no worm in the bag,” exclaimed George; “there is only a yellow ball!”

"We shall find him presently, I dare say," said Robert.

George shook the ball which he held in his hand, and found that there was something withinside of it.

"Ah! here is the worm; he has made himself a house to live in."

Robert put the ball into a cup of warm water; and having found one end of the silk, he wound it off on a small reel. When he had finished, George held out his hand for the worm. What was his surprise, when, on receiving it, he found he held a brown grub instead of a silk-worm.

"Well," said George, "this is strange! Is the silk-worm changed into this thing?"

"Yes, it is," said Robert: "this thing is called a chrysalis; and it

will still undergo another change. This chrysalis will become a moth. The moth will lay eggs and die."

"And what becomes of the eggs?" interrupted George.

"They are kept till next spring, when little black worms will crawl out of them, which will grow and grow till——"

"You need say no more," said George; "I think I understand all about it now."

"And," resumed Robert, "all the beautiful butterflies that you see flying from flower to flower, were once caterpillars, and fed upon leaves."

"Edward, you don't eat your breakfast," said his father to him, the second morning after the business of

the silk-worms; "what is the matter?"

"Don't you know what to-day is?" answered Edward.

"I do not know any thing particular about to-day. I see it is a very fine day, and it is called Monday."

"Ah, that is it: it is *black* Monday, and Robert is going to school."

As he said this, a tear streamed down his cheek. Robert took hold of Edward's hand, and shook it affectionately. "I have been very happy with you, Edward, and I shall be happy at school. You must not make me dismal, or my school-fellows will think I am sorry to return, which is not the case, though I am sorry to leave you and George."

“*I won’t cry,*” said George, “though you are going away. You will come home again next holidays, and by that time I may have a great many things to show you, and tell you. But here is something which I have kept for you, and which I hope you will not refuse to take.” So saying, he produced from his pocket a small box, which, on opening, was seen to be full of almonds. Robert hesitated at receiving it; but Mrs. Wilmot said, “Take the box, Robert, and do not give George the pain of having his present refused.” And he took the box, and kissed George.

The chaise came to the door which was to convey Robert to school. The children followed him out.

“Good bye, Robert,” said Edward; and he held out one hand to him,

whilst with the other he wiped a tear from his eye. "Good bye, Robert; I wish you may be at the top of your class, and deserve a great many tickets." Saying which, he ran into the house, to recover himself before he was called to his lessons.

George was sorry to part with his brother, yet his face exhibited nothing but smiles. The sight of the chaise pleased him—the horses, and even the post-boy's whip, engaged his attention. "I wish I was going with you, Robert. I dare say those horses will go very fast."

"You are too little to go, George," said little Marian, who had pushed herself forward, to have a last look at Robert: "you cannot read well enough, George, to go to school."

When Edward returned to the par-

lour, where his mother was sitting at work, his countenance had recovered its usual appearance, and he said he was ready to learn his lesson. His mother thought he had better first be amused with some pleasing subject, which might engage his mind from thinking of the loss of Robert's company; and therefore asked him if he would read a short story, which she had in her work-box, to George and Marian.

Marian took her little chair, and seating herself by her mother, said she would be very quiet, and hear him read; whilst George, taking his box of bricks, said he could build a house very *softly*, whilst Edward read. The party being thus prepared, Edward opened the book his mother handed to him, and read—

The China Cup.

“A little girl went one day into a china-shop. She had a bit of broken cup in her hand, and anxiously enquired of the man who was in the shop, whether he had a cup of the same pattern. The man examined the piece, and found that it was china, and of a description now seldom to be met with.

“‘I fear, my dear, I cannot match it.’

“The girl looked much concerned when he said this.

“‘Is it one of a set?’ he asked.

“‘No, it is a single cup, which was only used as an ornament over the chimney-piece.’

“‘Well, then, any pattern will do

for that purpose; and I can show you some curious little cups, which you may find equally pretty with your own.'

"The man spoke very good-naturedly, for he saw that the girl was in distress.

" 'Thank you, Sir, you are very good; but no pattern will do except the same one.' And she burst into tears.

"Having a little recovered herself, she enquired if he knew of any shop where it was likely she could match her cup. 'I can afford to give as much as half-a-guinea for the cup, if that would buy one.'

"He said he feared she could not match it any where.

" 'Then what shall I do?' said the girl.

“There was a lady in the shop during this scene. She had listened with attention to what passed. She now approached the little girl, and asked her what could make the cup so valuable to her, that she should be willing to give half-a-guinea for a like one.

“ ‘Oh, ma’am, it was a favourite cup of my grandmother’s, brought from India, years ago, by my uncle. He is now dead. It was kept on the chimney-piece; and the first object which my grandmother’s eyes searched for, when she came into the room, always was this cup. She would sit and look at it so! and tell me how good and kind my uncle was. And now it is broken, and she will receive no more pleasure from it.’

“ ‘But how, my dear,’ asked the

lady, 'can purchasing another cup, though of the same pattern, give your grandmother the satisfaction this did. I am surprised she should be willing to bestow half-a-guinea on a cup which must be perfectly indifferent to her.'

"Here the girl hung down her head, and was silent.

" 'Speak, my dear girl. There is some mystery in this—speak out, and I may be your friend.'

"The girl hesitated.

" 'Pray, ma'am,' said the man in the shop, 'walk into my back-parlour, and there you can talk with the little girl more at your ease.'

"The man saw that the girl was unwilling to speak before him, and therefore made this proposal. The lady thanked him, and walked into

the parlour, followed by the little girl.

“ ‘Now,’ said the lady to her, ‘if you think I can be of any service to you, tell me all the circumstances respecting the cup, but be careful to tell me the simple truth.’

“ The girl looked in the lady’s face, and saw an encouraging smile, which gave her resolution to tell her case to her. She began—

“ ‘Oh, ma’am, how good you are, to trouble yourself about me. I will tell you all concerning this unfortunate affair; and I shall feel much easier after I have spoken to somebody. I live with my grandmother, who was always very kind to me. My poor grandmother has been ill for a week with the rheumatism, and

confined to her bed. She has had no one to attend her but me, and I did all I could. And when I have put our two rooms in order, and done all that is necessary, then I sit by her bed-side, and read a chapter out of the Bible to her; and she says *that* makes her bear her pain better.

“ ‘ This morning, when I brought her her breakfast, she kissed me, and said, ‘ My dear Sally, I feel so much better this morning, that I think I shall be able to move into the next room, in the course of the day.’

“ ‘ I was so overjoyed at hearing this, that I resolved every thing should be quite in order to receive her. So I dusted her elbow-chair, and placed it in a convenient situation; and then, unluckily, took down the cup, to wipe it. I don’t know how it was,

but my hand shook—the cup fell, and broke into several pieces. I was so frightened at this sight, that I did not know what to do. My grandmother, I knew, would not be angry, but she would be grieved—much grieved; and I mind her grief more than anger. I ran to my drawer, where I had put by half-a-guinea, which had been given me to buy a gown with. I took it out, and determined, if it cost me the whole of it, to try and buy a cup like the broken one, before my grandmother should come into the room; for I knew full well, the first place towards which she would direct her eye, would be the chimney-piece. This is the purpose for which I am come to this shop, ma'am, and—you know the rest.'

“ ‘ What have you done with the

remainder of the pieces?' enquired the lady.

" 'I put them into my drawer.'

" 'Go and fetch them.'

"The girl went. The distance was short, and she soon returned.

"The lady carefully examined the pieces; and having ascertained that she had them all, she told the girl to return home, and she should soon hear from her.

" 'What, ma'am, am I to return without a cup?' she said, sorrowfully.

" 'Leave the business to me,' replied the lady.

"The girl slowly returned home, and went into her grandmother's room.

" 'I think now, my dear, I should like to get up,' she said: 'but what

is the matter with you; you have been crying, and you don't seem pleased that I am going to get up.'

" 'Oh, my dear grandmother,' said Sally, sobbing and throwing her arms round her, 'I can conceal it no longer from you. I have broken *the* cup—my uncle John's present.'

" The old woman did not answer. She seemed to undergo a kind of struggle. She put her hand up to her eyes. Sally, pale and trembling, stood watching her. At length the old woman looked at Sally;—she observed the state of agitation she was in.

" 'Sally,' she said, 'I did value that cup, but I value your happiness much more. Cheer up;—recover yourself, and when I miss the cup, I will look at you instead.'

“ The heart of poor Sally was much lightened. The disclosure was made ; she no longer had a secret from her grandmother ; and she determined to be more attentive to her than ever, to make up for the loss she had occasioned her.

“ ‘ Suppose, grandmother, you let me read a chapter in the Bible to you, before you get up, and you may afterwards be better able to bear the fatigue.’

“ ‘ Do so, my child.’

“ Sally took the book and read. Her voice and manner were so adapted to the subject, that her grandmother was never more gratified by her reading. It was, however, a work of time to get this poor old woman up, and to dress her. When her grandmother was at last dressed,

Sally was still reluctant to lead her into the next room, for she dreaded the effect which might be produced by the absence of the favourite cup. She slowly opened the door;—she turned away her eyes from the chimney-piece, as she placed her charge in her easy chair.

“The old woman turned involuntarily, to look at the accustomed spot. ‘Why, Sally, what have you been telling me about my cup? why, there it is in its usual place!’ Sally looked up, and saw that the cup really was in its place.

“‘What can this mean,’ thought she, ‘can the good lady have matched the cup and placed it here, for the purpose of agreeably surprising me: then it would have been better if I

had spared my grandmother the pain of knowing any thing of the matter.'

"As this passed in her mind, she heard the latch of the door lifted up. She turned and saw her new friend enter.

" 'My dear Sally,' said the lady, 'the cup you see there, is your grandmother's own cup. I was able to join it together with cement. When I brought it, I found the room empty. I put it in its place and then left the room, that I might have the pleasure of surprising you.' Then taking down the cup, she handed it to the old woman, and said—

" 'You always regarded this cup with interest: the accident which has happened to it, must increase that interest in your eyes. These joins in it, will remind you of the affection

and disinterestedness of your granddaughter, who would willingly have bestowed her half-guinea in purchasing a similar cup, that you might be saved the knowledge of the accident.

“ ‘ And now, my dear little girl, let me tell you, that though your intention was good, the action you would have committed was wrong. In wishing to substitute another cup in the place of this, you were deceiving your grandmother; and deceit, in *any case*, must always be wrong. I am glad to find that your own proper feelings on the subject, would not allow you to continue the concealment, and that you told your grandmother of the accident.’ ”

“ ‘ The lady was right. The value of the cup was indeed increased in

the eyes of the delighted grandmother, who forgot her rheumatism and her helplessness, in the pleasing reflections with which the conduct of Sally inspired her."

Edward seemed much interested in this story, and when he had finished it, his mother told him, that she was the lady who had mended the little girl's cup.

"Did you tie it together, mamma, and boil it in milk, like Frank's mother *?"

"No, my dear, the cup was broken into too many pieces to admit of being tied. I stuck the pieces together with Indian glue, and as the cup was

* See "Early Lessons," by Miss Edgeworth. Vol. I. page, 201.

not meant for use, this method answered very well."

"How thankful the little girl must have been to you," said Edward; "and how pleased you must have been, at the service you were able to do her."

"Mamma," said Edward, "a little time after, "I want to ask you something. Now Robert is gone to school, I have got more time than I know what to do with. I was thinking I should like to have a scholar. Eh, mamma, what do you say to it?" observing that his mother smiled.

"Why you know, my dear, your attempts at teaching Marian were not very successful."

"Oh, I don't want to teach Marian. I have somebody else in my mind."

"Who, my dear?"

“Do you remember little Tommy, mamma, whose eye I accidentally struck with a ball. Well, I met him the other day in the hay-field. I was very glad to see him looking well and happy. I had a little book in my pocket, which I offered to give him. He opened it, and when he saw that there were no pictures in it, he said it was of no use to him, as he could not read. He is almost six years old: only think how shocking, not to be able to read at almost six years old!”

“It is a pity, certainly.”

“Well, mamma, I was thinking that I might teach him to read. I should like so much to have a scholar, if you would consent to it.”

“Do you think you are equal to such an undertaking?”

“Oh, mamma,” said Edward laugh-

ing, "you know I can read well enough."

"It is not your ability in reading that I am doubtful about: I am doubtful of your patience, and of your having your temper under control."

"Oh, mamma, I can command my temper *now*. You know, the other afternoon, when you did not like me to go into the field without you, I was on the point of being out of humour, and then I recovered myself, and tried to amuse myself in a *rational* manner, as papa calls it, and waited patiently till you thought proper for me to go."

"All this is very true, Edward, and I will see how your patience will bear the trial of instructing. To-morrow morning I will send for Tommy's mother, and speak to her."

“But I want to begin this instant, mamma.”

“Well then,” said his mother, “let waiting till to-morrow morning be the first exertion of your patience, in your new character of instructor.”

Edward felt disappointed, but desirous of convincing his mother that he was equal to his undertaking, he did not express any dissatisfaction at this delay to his wishes; but only went on repeating what he would teach his scholar.

“When he knows how to read a *little*, mamma, then I shall begin to teach him to cipher: I shall teach him numeration and addition, and the multiplication table.”

“Are you sure, Edward, that you know the multiplication table yourself.”

“Yes, mamma, with the exception of the ninth line.”

“Well, my dear, when your mind is less occupied with the instruction of others, and more with your own, I will show you a sure and easy method, by which you may always know, without hesitation, the multiplication of nine.”

“Thank you, mamma. Then, you know, I can hold my pen pretty well now, and therefore may soon begin to teach him to write. And grammar——”

“Oh, my dear, spare him the grammar,” said his mother, laughing.

Edward looked a little disconcerted.—“Why, mamma, I *can* teach him grammar.”

“Perhaps so, my dear; but it is not necessary for him to learn grammar.

When he grows up, his employment will be either to take care of sheep, or plough the ground, or make hay, or some such occupation. A little reading and writing will be of service to him. But whether he write and speak according to the rules of grammar, will be of no importance."

"Then I suppose he must not learn Latin, when I can teach it him."

"Certainly not," replied his mother.

The voice of George was now heard, calling to Edward that the donkies were ready, and only waited for him. Here, therefore, the conversation between Edward and his mother ended; and though raised in his own opinion, by the prospect of having a scholar, Edward did not disdain to join George in his donkey expedition.



It was a favourite amusement of Edward and George, to accompany their father, when he took Cæsar to the river to swim. They were delighted to throw stones in the water, and see Cæsar dive for them. It was indeed a beautiful sight, to behold this fine animal plunge into the water, disappear for a moment, and then swim with great swiftness to the bank, bringing the stone in his mouth.

The boys, on this occasion, always took care to get out of his way when first he came out of the river, for his coat held a great deal of water; and when he shook himself, it was like a shower-bath.

George was particularly fond of Cæsar. He would keep side by side

with him during their walk—he would give him his stick to carry—and every now and then caressing him, would say, poor Cæsar, *dear* Cæsar. Cæsar, in return, would lick his hand, look up in his face, and show his joy by jumping upon him.

It was a great pleasure to George, to call out to the persons who, in passing Cæsar, appeared afraid of him: “He will not hurt you—you need not be afraid of him—he does not bite, poor fellow.” And then he would throw his arms round his neck, to show how harmless he was.

One day, when George and the dog were walking side by side, in rather a narrow path, which George had chosen for the sake of the blackberries that grew on each side, there was a

little girl walking before them. The girl walked very slowly, as she had a basket of damsons on her head. George and the dog wanted to get before her; in so doing, the dog pushed by her, and threw her off her balance. The girl was frightened, and could not immediately recover herself, and down came the damsons pouring out of her basket.

“Dear me,” said the girl, “what shall I do!”

“Why, pick the damsons up again, to be sure,” said George, “and I will help you.”

“That nasty great dog frightened me, and made me let go my basket.”

“Don’t call my dog names,” said George, “or I won’t help you.”

Cæsar kept behind, and did not offer to meddle with the damsons.

He seemed to know that he had been the cause of mischief, and was afraid to approach George.

“Come here, poor Cæsar, you could not help it,” said George, in an encouraging voice; “come here, I am not going to scold you.”

It was fortunate, that the spot where the damsons fell was a clean one, and George was very careful not to squeeze them, as he picked them up.

“Well, you are a good-natured boy,” said the girl to George, “I expected, instead of helping me, you would have laughed at me, like Master Wilson.

“Why, what did Master Wilson do?” asked George.

“One day I was getting over a stile,” answered the girl: “I had a

bundle under my arm. Master Wilson was in the field with his dog, a little barking thing. 'At her,' called out his mischievous master, and the dog came barking at me. In my hurry to get over the stile, my foot slipped, and I fell down. The dog seized hold of my bundle, and dragged it along ; in doing which, the knot came untied, and out fell all the things. Master Wilson encouraged the dog to toss my things about, and seemed to enjoy it as a good joke. Do as you please, I said ; they are your mamma's clean clothes, which I am carrying home to her. When I said this, he called his dog away, and seemed sorry ; but the things were so tumbled and dirtied, that I was obliged to take them back to my

mother, to have them *got up* over again."

"And did you tell Mrs. Wilson of her son's behaviour?" asked George.

"No, I did not."

"Then you were a kind girl, and I like you very much. I am sorry Cæsar pushed you; and when I meet you another time, I will take care he shall not come near you."

"If these were my damsons," said the girl, "I would ask you to take a few; but as they are not mine, I cannot."

"I know that," said George: "I know you cannot give what is not your own."

The little girl proceeded on her way, and George and Cæsar returned to the next field, where Edward and

his father had remained to admire the prospect round them.

George told his father about the accident which Cæsar had caused, and his father advised him, another time not to push past people when they had a basket on their head.

One day Edward appeared particularly occupied. He had refused to go with George into the garden to play, and shut himself up in a room for two whole hours. His father was curious to know what he was so busy about; he would not, however, enquire, but waited till Edward chose to inform him. In the evening at tea-time, when Edward joined his parents, he looked as if he had something to say, yet seemed as if he wanted to

be questioned. His mother, to relieve his embarrassment, asked him if he had any thing to tell them.

“Mamma, can you guess what I have been about to-day?”

“I suppose you have been spoiling a knife, and wasting wood.”

“No, mamma; do pray guess again.”

“Reading your favourite Frank.”

“No, not that. Now, papa, do *you* guess.”

“Mischief, under some form or other,” said his father, jokingly.

“No, indeed,” said Edward, “I have been very properly employed; and putting his hand into his pocket, drew out a letter.—See here, papa, I have been writing a letter to Robert. It gave me a great deal of trouble, but you know that perseverance can conquer all difficulties, and I perse-

severed till I finished it. But I want you, papa, to give me some sealing-wax, to seal it with."

"May I read it?" said his father.

"Oh yes, papa, I meant you to read it: so read it loud, and then George can hear it."

His father unfolded the letter. There were a great many blots in it, and the writing was not very legible—was not easy to be read. After examining it a little while, he found he could decipher, or make it out, and he read—

"My dear Robert,

"I hope you are well. I was very sorry, at first, when you went to school, but now I don't mind it. I hope you are very diligent, and do

not let any one get before you in class. I have been very busy since you have been gone. I have been digging a canal, and building a bridge over it; and I stuck up a paper, as I have seen done in gardens, to tell people to *beware* of meddling with my bridge, or they should be punished; though I hardly know how I should punish them if they did meddle with it; but you know this warning may frighten them from touching it. And I have more news to tell you. I have got a scholar—little Tommy is my scholar, and he comes every day for a quarter of an hour. I teach him his letters, but he is not very quick at learning. He constantly forgets the names of the letters, though I tell him ever so often. I am not quite as fond of teaching

as I thought I should be. It is very tiresome work. I am quite glad mamma would not let me give a longer lesson than a quarter of an hour. I wanted a whole hour. George comes on pretty well with his learning. I hope you will answer this letter. I hope you will tell me every thing that has happened to you since you left home. We are all very well, Cæsar and all.

“ I remain,

“ Your affectionate brother,

“ EDWARD WILMOT.”

“ A good long letter, Edward,” said his father; “ full of information, and full of hopes. I think it will do very well, and Robert will no doubt be pleased with it.”

“I am glad, papa, you think Robert will be pleased with it; and do you think he will answer it?”

“If he have time.”

“Now, papa, for your sealing-wax, and your seal.”

“Which seal, my dear?”

“Your coat-of-arms seal; and that puts me in mind of what I have got written down in my book, about having the meaning of *coat-of-arms* explained to me, when I can understand it. Do you think I can understand it now?”

“We had better wait a little while longer, Edward,” said his father: “there are plenty of things for you to learn now, which you *can* understand.”

“Well then, now for sealing my letter,”

A very fine large seal was put upon Edward's letter.

"Now, papa, it must be sent to the post: shall I ring the bell?"

"There is no use in sending it to-night: to-morrow will be time enough; so give the letter to me, and I will keep it till then; for if you touch it so much, it will hardly be fit to be sent."

"Now, mamma," said Edward, turning to his mother, "I am at leisure. I mean my *mind* is at leisure to hear about the multiplication of nine, if you are willing to explain it to me."

"Do you think, my dear, you can give me your whole attention?"

"Yes, mamma, I think I can."

"I am then willing to explain the rule I mentioned to you the other

day; by attending to which, you may always recollect the ninth line of the multiplication table. I must first write down the ninth line."

Mrs. Wilmot took her pencil, and wrote

9 times 2 are 18

9 3 ... 27

9 4 ... 36

9 5 ... 45

9 6 ... 54

9 7 ... 63

9 8 ... 72

9 9 ... 81

"Now, when we attentively look over this table, we perceive that the units and tens of each *product*, that is, the sum produced by the multiplication, when added together, make 9. The tens are always one less than the figure which is multiplied by 9, in this man-

ner: 2, multiplied by 9, are 18; the units added to the ten, that is, 8 added to 1, make 9. So, three times 9 are 27, 2 is one less than 3, 7 and 2 make 9. You will observe this rule continues through the line, as far as 9 times 9 are 81. Do you think, Edward, you comprehend what I have said?"

"I think I do, mamma: ask me some questions, and try me."

"9 times 5?"

Edward considered a little, and then said: "The tens must be one less than 5, that will be 4. I must add 5 to 4, to make it 9; therefore, the answer to your question is, 45."

"Very right. Now tell me how much 9 times 8 are?"

"7 tens and 2 units—72."

"I see you understand the me-

thod, and I will set you a sum, to be multiplied by 9, that you may practise the rule."

"Give me a long row of figures, mamma."

His mother gave him a long row of figures, and, with a little hesitation, he got through it, without making a mistake.

Edward could not help boasting a little at his success, and began talking, as was his usual habit when he was particularly pleased with himself.

"I dare say, mamma, Robert does not know this rule. I am *sure* the boys at his school do not."

"Why are you sure that the boys at his school do not?"

"Because they are so ignorant. Robert told me that they knew nothing of the *places* of figures, and that they

did not understand him when he used that expression."

"They may know the *fact*, my dear, though they may express themselves in a different manner. You should be careful how you call persons ignorant, because they don't happen to know the same thing you do. Your scholar, little Tommy, might, perhaps, find *you* ignorant in many subjects with which he is acquainted."

"What subjects, mamma, can Tommy find me ignorant about?"

"Many, my dear."

"Mention to me some, if you please."

"Don't look so grave, Edward, and I will. Perhaps in distinguishing the different kinds of corn, and knowing the uses to which they are put. In being acquainted with most of the wild

plants which grow in the hedges, and knowing which of them would hurt him if he ate them. He may know the different nests which birds of different descriptions construct, (make,) and the different places they choose to build them in. He probably knows what kinds of insects injure different vegetables——”

“That is sufficient: thank you, mamma. I did not know Tommy was so clever.”

“Tommy does not know how to read, or how to cipher; but he knows many things which are more useful to him.”

One day Edward and George were in the hall, when a man came to the door with biscuits. Mrs.

Wilmot was in the habit of buying biscuits of this man; and whilst the servant went into the parlour, Edward and George remembered they had each a penny, and were desirous of spending it in biscuits. After taking some time in making their choice, they fixed upon some small cakes; and, wishing to prolong the pleasure it gave them to have cakes bought with their own money, they agreed to put them away, and eat them at a future time.

Edward remained very quiet with the knowledge that he had cakes to eat, but it was not a matter of so much indifference to George. He visited his cakes—he handled them—bit them, and at last ate them all. Had he stopped there, he would have had nothing to reproach himself with;

but, after having dispatched his own cakes, he looked so much at Edward's, that he at last bit one of them.

Some time after, Edward felt an inclination to eat his cakes; when, on examining them, he discovered the trick George had played him. He was very angry, and at first thought of beating his brother.

When his mother was made acquainted with the circumstance, she told Edward not to beat George, but to send him to her.

"What did you think about the action you were committing, when you bit Edward's cake?" asked his mother.

"I did not think about it all," said George.

"Then," said his mother, "I wish you would think about it now; and that you may not be interrupted in

your reflections, go into the next room, and sit there by yourself for an hour."

George went into the next room, and Edward felt sorry that George was punished; for though at the moment of discovering what he had done, he felt inclined to beat him, his anger lasted but for a very short time. He remained uncomfortable during the whole hour; and when the time came which was to relieve George from his confinement, he asked if he might go and fetch him.

"Yes, my dear," said his mother.

When George was brought in by Edward, he looked a little serious, which was not a common circumstance with him.

"Have you thought about your action," said his mother.

“Yes, I have, mamma: I think I was very greedy.”

“You were more than greedy, George. You took what did not belong to you; what do you call that?”

George did not answer. Edward pitied him, and said he did not think he would do such a thing again. Their mother said no more. At night, when they went to bed, Edward offered George a cake, and begged him to eat it.

“No,” said George, “*that* I cannot do. I feel now more ashamed of my behaviour, than when mamma spoke to me. No, I would not eat your cake for *all the world*.”

One evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot were taking a walk, they met

two little boys of about three or four years old. They had no hats on, and appeared, from their dress, to be the children of poor parents. Mr. Wilmot observed that they looked distressed: he spoke to them, and asked why they did not go home. At this question one of the children began to cry, and said that they did not know their way home.

Mr. Wilmot felt great compassion for their situation, and tried, by questioning them, to discover which way they had come. They could give no other account of themselves, than that they had followed some music. They told their Christian names, but no further particulars could be gained from them. Mr. Wilmot was much interested about these children. He could not bear to leave them alone in the

road, and he determined to try and find out where they lived, trusting he should meet with some persons who might know them. He begged Mrs. Wilmot to return home; and taking each of the children by the hand, he set out. At every turning from the road he stopped, to ask the children if they came that way. Sometimes they answered yes, and sometimes no; but without appearing to understand the question. He enquired of all who passed, if they knew the children, but could gain no information.

It grew late. The boys became very tired and sleepy—they could walk no more. Mr. Wilmot carried them in turn, till, at last, he found he could proceed with them no further. He stopped at the door of a

cottage, belonging to a poor woman whom he knew. He took the children into the cottage; and after again making useless enquiries, he proposed to the woman to keep the children in her house for the night, and in the morning he would renew his search. The boys cried very much when they found they were to be left in a strange place, and clung to Mr. Wilmot, as their friend. The woman gave them some supper, which they ate eagerly. They were then undressed and put to bed, where they soon forgot their trouble in a sound sleep.

The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot took their sons, Edward and George, to see these poor children. The woman had, by well-chosen questions, gathered from them, that their

father was a weaver. When she asked them where he worked, they said, up stairs. She then made the motion of throwing the shuttle, and enquired if he did so. They replied that he did. But she could not gain from them the name of the baker of whom their mother bought bread, nor the name of the person who kept the chandler's shop near them, where it is usual for poor people to send their children, to fetch any trifle they may want, and cannot go for themselves.

After again vainly questioning them, Mr. Wilmot determined upon the plan of writing hand-bills, containing a description of the children, and a direction to the place where they were to be found. These bills were to be stuck upon the lamp-posts

in the road, that people, as they passed, might read them.

The children seemed contented with their situation. The woman who had undertaken the care of them, was very kind to them, and had given them some toys to play with.

Edward and George seemed much concerned for these poor little boys. They listened eagerly to all that was said. Edward pitied the parents, who must be in such distress at the absence of their children.

“If I were asked, I could tell where I live,” said George; “and why should not these children be able to do so likewise. Do you go to school?” said he to the boys. They did not understand the question.

On their way home, Edward and George talked of nothing but of the

two children. George proposed, that if their parents could not be found, they should go home and live with him.

“And then, Edward,” said his mother, “you can have two more scholars.”

Edward made no answer; for as Tommy did not learn quite as fast as he had expected, he was tired of scholars.

Mrs. Wilmot had not been more than an hour at home, when she had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from the father of the lost children, who came with them, to thank Mr. Wilmot for his kind exertions. The poor man looked tired and ill. He had been out all night in search of his little sons, who had strayed three miles from home. He was a weaver,

as had been supposed, and was very poor.

Mrs. Wilmot took occasion to observe to the man, how necessary it was for parents, especially *poor* parents, to teach their children the name of the place where they live, and other little particulars; that, as they were so much trusted out alone, they might be able to give some account of themselves, if necessary.

After the man had departed:—"I wish, mamma," said Edward, "I could do some good, like you and papa.—I want to do some good."

"Mamma," said Edward, "the other night, when you were showing papa a *sum* you had been doing, I observed that besides the figures upon

the paper, there were some other marks, which I did not understand.—What did they mean?”

“They were signs, my dear, used to express words in a shorter way; as figures are the marks used instead of written words, to express numbers.”

“How do you mean, mamma?”

“Is it not easier, for example, to make the figure 8, than to write it with letters, e, i, g, h, t? The signs which you saw on my paper, are a shorter way of expressing words than spelling them.”

“Can I understand those signs, if you explain them to me, mamma?”

“Certainly, provided you take the trouble to understand them. This sign \times ,” taking her pencil, “is put for multiplication. On the paper which

you took notice of the other night, you saw this written, 8×9 , which means 8 multiplied by 9. The sign $=$, which followed the 9 in this manner, $8 \times 9 = 72$, means equal to, or, the same as. This is a short method of writing, 8 multiplied by 9 are equal to 72; that is to say, nine 8s are the same as 72."

"Mamma, there was another kind of cross on the paper you showed to papa."

"This $+$ was it, and is put for addition. $7 + 6 = 13$, 7 added to 6 are equal to 13."

"Well, mamma, I think I understand all this. Are there any more of the same kind of signs?"

"There is likewise a sign used to express division. This is it \div , $84 \div 6$, means 84 divided by 6. Look

at it, and I will then show you the sign used for subtraction."

"I will look at it, mamma; but you know I am not yet *in* division."

"This short line — is the sign to express subtraction, $6 - 4 = 2$, that is, 4 subtracted, or taken from 6, are equal to 2.

"I am pleased with you, my dear Edward, because you have given me your whole attention. Go now into the garden, and after dinner I will tell you something more concerning these signs."

Mrs. Wilmot saw that Edward began to be a little tired of giving his attention, and therefore sent him to play; for she wished him to be pleased with what she explained to him, and not to consider her instructions as a task. For which reason, she never would

teach him any thing when he appeared to be tired of attending. It was a pleasure to her, to perceive that he was becoming interested about figures, as, a few months before, he had almost a dislike to them, and found great difficulty in fixing his attention to them; but as he had himself observed, respecting his letter to Robert, "Perseverance conquers *all* difficulties." If children would remember this truth, that perseverance conquers *almost* all difficulties, they might always be sure of success in their attempts at gaining knowledge, or at governing their temper.

Edward frisked about the garden in perfect good-humour with himself. His mother's praise always delighted him, as he was certain, when it was bestowed, that he had deserved it.

He played in the garden till dinner-time ;—and after dinner, he did not fail to remind his mother of her promise to teach him something more concerning *signs*.

“Do you recollect, my dear Edward, the sign put for addition?”

“Yes, mamma,” said Edward, at the same time crossing one finger over the other, to prove that he remembered it.

“The sign $+$ for addition, is called plus, which is the Latin word for *more*. $3 + 2$, is read, 3 plus 2; 3 and 2 more. The sign $-$ for subtraction, is called minus, which is the Latin word for *less*, as $7 - 2$, is read, 7 minus 2; 2 less, or 2 taken away. Read this, Edward,” continued Mrs. Wilmot, writing down with her pencil, $9 - 2 = 7$.

Edward read it immediately.

“Now read this, $8 \times 3 + 2 = 26$.”

Edward took a little time to consider, and then said, 8 multiplied by 3, plus 2, equal to 26.

“And this, Edward, $12 + 8 \times 6 = 120 \div 2 = 60$.”

“That is a puzzler, mamma, but I think I shall make it out.”

He took a little trouble, and made it out. He read it quite right.

“Mamma, I like the *plan* very much. I like writing *short*; and that puts me in mind of short-hand, which, you know, I am soon to learn.”

“I think you had better learn to write long-hand well, before you attempt any other mode of writing,” said his mother: “you must write well, and spell well, before you learn short-hand.”



Edward and George were playing together in the parlour, when their father entered with a paper in his hand; and waving it over Edward's head, he told him to guess what it was.

“Let me see it—let me touch it first,” said Edward.

“No, guess without touching it;” holding it still higher, as Edward jumped to catch it.

“I see it is a letter, papa. Is it for me?”

Mr. Wilmot held the direction towards him, and he read, “To Edward Wilmot.”—“Yes, I see it is for me. Give it me, papa.”

His father gave it to him. He was

going in a great hurry to break it open.

“Don’t be in such a hurry, Edward; see how you are tearing the letter, and destroying the seal.”

“It would be a pity to destroy the seal,” said Edward, “for it is such a pretty one. But who can the letter come from?—If I only knew that, I should not be in such a hurry to get it open.”

“Perhaps it is from Robert,” said George.

“Ah! yes, from Robert to be sure. I wonder I did not find it out, for I expected an answer to my letter. So now, papa, be so good as to lend me your scissors, and I will open it gently.”

Edward went very gently to work,

and he got the letter open without tearing it much. “And a good long letter it seems,” said Edward; “what a deal he has written.”

“Let us hear what he writes,” said his father.

“It begins, papa, with ‘Dear Edward.’”

“But what comes after, ‘dear Edward.’”

“Do you wish me to read it to you, papa?”

“Yes, if you are willing to do so.”

George climbed up on his father’s knee, where he seated himself to hear the letter, and Edward read:—

“Dear Edward,

“I am much obliged to you for your agreeable letter, and for the information it contained. I hope no one has broken down your bridge,

or filled up your canal, or done any thing which you *warned* them not to do.

“ I am sorry you are already tired of teaching little Tommy. I should not think that he was slower at his learning than other children of his age ; only, perhaps, you are not quite as patient with him as you should be. When I come home in the holidays, I will assist you in your undertaking, and then, perhaps, we may together make something of him.

“ You desire me to tell you every thing that has happened to me since I quitted home.—I will obey your orders, by beginning even from the moment I left you.

“ When I got into the post-chaise, I felt a little sorrowful *myself* at parting, but I soon recovered my

spirits, for the country looked so pleasant, and my ride seemed so agreeable.

“ After I had proceeded some way on my journey, and as the post-boy, was driving on very fast, I suddenly heard a scream. I looked out at the window, and saw a poor woman lying in the road, and next to her a barrow of potatoes overturned. I called to the driver to stop. When he pulled up, I begged him to let me out, and at the same time, I asked him what had happened.

“ ‘ Why,’ said he, ‘ I called to this woman to get out of my way with her barrow, and I suppose she must be deaf, for she did not attend to what I said, but kept straight on ; and at the moment, without my being able

to prevent it, my horses knocked her down with her barrow.'

"I went up to the woman, to see if she was hurt. I assisted her to get up, but I found that she could not stand, as she had sprained her foot in the fall.

" 'What am I to do,' said she: 'I cannot pick up my potatoes, which are scattered about; and if I could pick them up, I cannot wheel my barrow any further——' and she sat down, and began to cry.

"I felt great pity for her situation, and was almost ready to cry with her;—but I knew *crying* would do her no good, and that I might assist her with my hands, better than with my tears.

" 'Where do you live, my good woman,' I enquired.

“ ‘A mile further up the road. I am sure I can never reach my cottage; and what am I to do with my potatoes, which I was carrying to market?’

“I told the post-boy that we must take this poor woman back to her cottage.

“ ‘It will detain us half an hour,’ said the boy.

“ ‘It was your carelessness,’ I replied, ‘which occasioned this accident, and you ought to give your assistance to repair it, as far as you can.’

“At this moment, we perceived a boy running across a field at the side of the road. I called to him, and he directly came to us. ‘Are you inclined to do a good-natured action?’ I asked. ‘Yes,’ said the boy. ‘Well

then, my good fellow, will you pick up these potatoes, and put them into the barrow, and then stay by it till we can get somebody to wheel it to the place where it was intended to be taken.'

" 'Oh, that is my son,' said the woman, looking much relieved: 'he will take the potatoes to market: he is a careful lad, and will manage the business properly.'—'And if he does,' said the driver, who seemed sorry for the accident he had caused, 'I will give him sixpence. He knows me, and knows where I live; so he can call for the sixpence, when he has earned it.'

" Well then, said I, since the business of the potatoes is so well settled, let us help the poor woman into the chaise.

“ We got the poor woman into the chaise, and when I was seated by her, we rode on. The poor creature thanked me a hundred times over for my *humanity*, as she called my assisting her. I told her, that as we had occasioned her accident, it was our duty to help her.

“ We set her down at her door. Her daughter came running out to know what was the matter with her mother, surprised to see her brought home in a chaise. I did not stay longer than was necessary. We turned round, and soon after I reached my school.

“ The boys all came out to shake hands with me, and asked why I was so late. I related to them the particulars of the poor woman's accident. The boys listened with great interest

to the story; and when I had told them all I had to tell, Henry Milford, that excellent boy, said, 'We ought to send a surgeon to look at the poor woman's foot.'

" 'I thought of that before,' I replied; 'but I had not money enough in my pocket to pay the surgeon for his attendance, and the woman is too poor to pay for it herself.'

" 'If that is all,' said Henry, 'we shall soon be able, amongst us, to remove the difficulty.' So he went up to every boy in the play-ground, where we were standing, and asked him to contribute some money for the poor woman. Every one cheerfully gave something, and Henry presently found himself with a hat full of money.

“ ‘Now, how are we to proceed?’ said I.

“ ‘Let us ask Mr. Delamere: he will advise us what is best to be done.’

“ With the money in his hat, Henry went to Mr. Delamere’s study, and asked to be admitted. Mr. Delamere opened the door to him, and then Henry told him of the accident—of the necessity for the assistance of a surgeon; and he finished with showing him the money that had been collected.

“ Mr. Delamere said, he knew a surgeon who would be willing to go and visit the poor woman, and he would write a note to him immediately.

“ I will not tell you any more particulars concerning this story, my dear

Edward, as I am afraid you are already tired of reading about it. I will only add, that the woman soon got well—that the surgeon refused to take our money—and that we gave it all to the woman, to buy a few comfortable things, which she seemed to want.

“I am first in my class, as you wished, Edward, and have already got many tickets; so I hope you will be satisfied with me. And how is my dear George? I wish he would write. Kiss Marian and Arthur for me. I am so tired, my dear boy, that I cannot write any more.

“*So, believe me,*

“Your affectionate brother,

“ROBERT WILMOT.”

“Well, papa,” said Edward, as soon as he had taken breath, after reading this long letter, “what do you think of Robert’s behaviour to the poor woman?” And then, without waiting for his father’s answer, he went on: “I wish I had been with him: I would have picked up her potatoes myself. I am glad the surgeon was as generous as the boys. I should have been sorry if he had taken their money. I was wishing it might be given to the woman.”

“It was very good, indeed, of the boys,” said George, “to give the money, which they meant, no doubt, to have spent in fruit and cakes.”

“What nonsense, George,” interrupted Edward: “do you think they did not prefer bestowing their money on the poor woman, to spend-

ing it in fruit and cakes, which are soon eaten, and soon forgotten?"

"But it was very good, *though*," said George, unwilling to give up the point.

"George," said his father, "did not you feel pleasure when you gave the poor boy your penny to buy bread with, instead of spending it in a cake for yourself?"

"Yes, I did, papa."

"Well then, my dear boy, you see there are other pleasures besides that of eating cakes and fruit: there is the pleasure of giving pleasure to others. But now let us give your mother the *pleasure* of reading Robert's letter.







